

NERVE DEATHS.

The Number Growing at a Frightful Rate.

The Proportion Has Increased 20 Per Cent. in 40 Years.

The Boston Journal Asks, "What the Remedy?"

And Finds the Answer Not a Hard One.

A Quarter of All Deaths Due to American Disease.

The Boston Journal is certainly to be admired.

One of Boston's greatest newspapers, it frankly devotes some of its energetic editorial space to the subject, which at this season is of more importance to this and every community than all other topics.

"One hears the voice of the man whose knowledge of nerves is almost unbounded," says the Journal, "saying that beyond any dispute nervousness is growing upon us at a frightful rate."

Quoting from Dr. Weir Mitchell it continues: "In some busy centers he finds that the number of deaths due to nervous causes has increased 20 per cent. in 40 years; that one-fourth of the deaths now are from nervous diseases." His opinion is very confident, too, that the Americans are, from the cause, becoming a short-lived people."

A short statement of the nervous weakness among the dwellers in cities and towns would send a gang of horror and maturing through the country.

Women are most under the influence of this terrible scourge, than men, and both do better in country folk.

The Journal asks what is the remedy, and that is unanswered.

Hundreds of poor mothers, anxious housewives, school teachers and home-education scholars—no very fewer of American women—yield to the strain of the various maladies of life. Overwork and fatigue of worry condemns a host of American women to spend their after years in a sofa or in a sick room, and to be a burden, instead of a help to those who are closest to them.

Often times, excruciating pain, as in neuralgia, rheumatism, and rheumatism, but more often especially in the spring "that tried feeling," a doctor's cry for better nutrition in order to resist the fearful strain on the nerves and vital organs. The remedy is known to every physician and to thousands who have been informed by it. Men and women will find themselves getting irritable, nervous, thin, "run down" and ailing should take Faime's salve compound. It feeds tired, exhausted nerves, stores the blood with food for the wasted tissues and purifies it of the impure humors which result from its stagnation, unhealthy condition.

Nothing has ever equaled Faime's salve compound for giving tone to the stomach and a renewed appetite. It striking to the root of rheumatism, neuralgia, diseases of the heart, the liver, kidneys, and all disorders due to poor appetite, continual rheumatism, loss of strength, nervous debility, and a scrofulous, unhealthy condition of the skin at this season are sure signs of nervous weakness.

Faime's salve compound will rob one of the "run down" feeling, the languor and indisposition that comes from bodily unstrung nerves, thin pale blood, and unfeeling organs of the body.

Now, this, a buoyant feeling, and the joyousness of health will come when plenty of good red blood begins to fill the arteries and invigorate the system.

This is just what Faime's salve compound is doing for thousands of tired men and women throughout the whole extent of the country.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOTTLE.

They Go Out For An Evening Just Like the Rest.

If a man can go out at night and have a good time and get his kicks, why isn't a woman the same right? At any rate, that's what a couple of Topeka girls think, and taking out their thoughts into practical operation last evening. Not for the first time they have had a good time. In fact this is quite a common experience for these girls.

They took along a big bottle of whisky. They got whisky because they didn't like wine. They never went to Crawford's opera house, but though mud mauling proved uninteresting, and the only seat a few minutes. They well deserved "bright star" seven times and attracted the "audacious attention" of the house. Then they concluded that they "had to go out to see a woman."

So they left the house and were soon again enjoying the raw north breeze and the raw west house. They walked up the street and singing in a doorway, took a long swig at the whisky. When they got up as far as Elkhorn street, they uttered several Indian war whoops and ran away into the darkness. For a prohibition town, they were quite unimpaired sight.

Will Brown, a colored boy about 15 years of age, was arrested at the Union Pacific depot by Sergeant Steele. Steele says a number of boys make a practice of going to the tank house, catching on to the passing trains and riding to the depot. Yesterday he happened to be at the place in a buggy and met Will Brown jumping on a train. He followed him, and when he got on arrested him. This morning in police court Brown was fined \$5.

Removed.
We have removed to our new store room at 101 Kansas Avenue.

BASCOE & FROST

Shirts mended by the Peerless.

WILL SELLS SETTLES.

Sells Brothers Pay Him Four Thousand Dollars.

UPON WHICH HE AGREES TO QUIT

Using the Family Name in Connection With the Sells & Rentfrow Show.

The case of Sells & Rentfrow, against Lewis, Peter and Ephraim Sells for damages in the sum of \$48,000 has been compromised out of court.

By the terms of this amicable adjustment of their trouble, Willie Sells and W. A. Sells have signed an agreement never to go into the circus business again using the Sells name, and the Sells brothers pay their nephews and Mr. Rentfrow damages to the amount of about \$4,000. The costs are paid by both sides proportionately.

The case was bought by Sells & Rentfrow a year ago in the circuit court of Shawnee county for \$48,000 damages from Lewis, Peter and Ephraim Sells, for damages done during the season of 1890, beginning July 1st and continuing 36 days. They allege that the Sells brothers who were also in the circus business conspired to ruin them financially by advertising that the Sells & Rentfrow show would not appear when it was billed to appear, that it had stranded on the road. The petition alleged too that letters were written to the city officers of the places selected by them at which to perform, notifying them that the Sells & Rentfrow show was merely a cover for thieves, swindlers and confidence men, and not a safe bet to allow in a town, as they would plunder the citizens. They asked for damages at the rate of \$500 a day or \$25,000, and \$25,000 additional.

In a counter suit the Sells brothers denied all the allegations set forth and asserted that Willie Sells and Mr. Rentfrow's circus was worth less than \$6,000 and used the Sells name to profit from the wide reputation of the Sells brothers' circus, but to the great detriment of the latter.

Then I worked the old gag. I raised my hat and called her Miss Jones and wished her good evening. Of course she said that I was mistaken, and I apologized very profusely, and first thing you know we were walking along chatting about this, that and the other. We walked along and walked along, and I was in the seventh heaven of bliss. She had promised to go to the theater with me the next night, and I had told her my name and all that, when she stopped right in front of a big brick building. I looked up and saw that it was labeled "Police Headquarters."

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's the police station," she replied.

"What are you stopping here for?" I asked again.

"Oh," she said kind of carelessly, "my brother is captain in there, and unless you give me that diamond you've got in your necklace I will call him out and tell him that you insulted me."

"What did you do?" asked the smooth shaven man.

"Now, don't be an ass, Jack," replied the man with the Van Dyke beard.

"I gave her the pin and left town on the next train. No more Troy collar and cuff girls on my plate, if you please."—Buffalo Express.

Two of a Kind.

"You—don't want any coal carried up today?" he queried as he put his hand into a lawyer's office on Griswold street the other day.

"Haven't money enough to buy a bucketful," was the doleful reply.

"I see. Don't want any copying done in a fine Italian hand, I suppose?"

"Nothing to copy but bills from creditors."

"Just so. I've been there myself. Could I do any work at your house, such as shoveling off snow, for instance?"

"No. Couldn't pay you if you did."

"Exactly. We are all hard up this winter. Any bills to collect?"

"Not a one."

"Neither have I, and that's where we are fortunate. I'll wash those windows for a quarter."

"Couldn't think of it."

"Let 'em go till next summer, eh? Or do it yourself and save the coin? I understand the situation. Got any pressing creditors?"

"About 50."

"I might call upon the most persistent and obtrusive of them and make excuses for you."

"No, it's no use."

"No chance to hawk onto a few thousand and skip?"

"Not a chance."

"Don't want a fire at your house to get the insurance?"

"My insurance has run out."

"Say, old man, this is a tough, cold world, ain't she?" laughed the tramp.

"Yan' bet!"

"But we've got sand and will come out on top in the spring. If either of us earns 25 cents today, we'll whack up with the other, eh? Goodby—see you later."—Detroit Free Press.

A Tramp's Fear.

A clever fakir in chimney building has been accomplished at Nancy, France. It was found at a spinning works that, owing to an increase in the power of the plant, the existing chimney did not give sufficient draught for the number of bakers, and one of two things had to be done—either to build a new chimney alongside the old one or to increase the height of the latter. While the question was being deliberated a local builder offered to add thirty feet to the existing chimney, making a height of 100 feet in all, without interfering with the work of the mills. His offer was accepted, and added by another man, he fixed a series of light steel ladders to the chimney by means of iron hooks driven in between the courses of the bricks, erected a pulley at the top of the chimney, and a flight of scaffolding all around, and then, having lowered the cornice surmounting the chimney, they built on top at the rate of about four feet to five feet per day. The whole work occupied eight days, and was perfectly successful.

Once Upon a Time.

John F. Robbins, who is now a peddler of tobacco and cigars on the streets of Cincinnati, in 1856 paid the highest price ever paid for a logwood of a certain kind of tobacco—\$5.16. He worked it into a special brand of plug tobacco and made a fortune. He got to be worth \$100,000, but the government officials detected him in helping manufacturers tobacco without the stamp. The trial took every penny of his fortune, and he was never able to regain his feet financially.

The "Force" in Pekin.

Pekin, China, has an estimated population of 1,000,000, and 15,000 police. The signals of the police are made by yelling from station to station until the news reaches headquarters. The stations are within ear shot of each other.

The annual meeting of the First Presbyterian church will occur on Monday, March 26. Heretofore the annual meeting occurred just after Christmas, but it has been decided to have the church year end on April 1st instead of January 1st. Four new elders will be elected on the preceding Tuesday.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures burns.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures ulcers.

Prepared For Emergencies.



NO MORE FOR HIM.

An Experience That He Doesn't Want Repeated.

"I was down in Troy the other night," said the man with the Van Dyke beard.

"What'd you do?" asked the man with the smooth face.

"Had a funny—that is to say, an odd experience." The man with the Van Dyke beard sighed a couple of times and then went on: "I suppose you have all heard of the pretty collar and cuff girls in Troy? You well, so had I. I had been told stories about those charming creatures ever since I was knee high, and I was very curious to see one or two of them, so about 6 o'clock I started out to have a look at them. By Jove, they are pretty! I saw a lot of them, and finally one blonde came along that made my head swim. She was as lovely a woman as I ever saw. I stood and stared at her and noticed that she didn't seem to take offense.

"Then I worked the old gag. I raised my hat and called her Miss Jones and wished her good evening. Of course she said that I was mistaken, and I apologized very profusely, and first thing you know we were walking along chatting about this, that and the other. We walked along and walked along, and I was in the seventh heaven of bliss. She had promised to go to the theater with me the next night, and I had told her my name and all that, when she stopped right in front of a big brick building. I looked up and saw that it was labeled 'Police Headquarters.'

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An Artiste Performer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel Handy Folk, who had been delegated to introduce the eminent pianist to the cultured and